

# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

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## OPERATIC ACADEMY.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER, Composer of the Operas "Buy Blas," "Once too Often," "Amita," the Cantatas "Tam o' Shanter," "Comals," &c., respectfully announces that he has OPENED AN ACADEMY for the STUDY and PRACTICE of OPERATIC MUSIC. Students, besides private instruction, will have the advantage of practising together, rehearsing occasionally upon the stage of one of our Metropolitan theatres, and when sufficiently advanced of taking part in public performances. They will thus acquire a complete knowledge of all the standard operas with the dialogue, recitatives, concerted pieces, and stage business (so embarrassing to novices), which, as we have no regular provincial opera houses, it would be impossible for them to gain by any other means. The success which attended the Musical and Dramatic Academy, which Mr. Howard Glover instituted in conjunction with his mother, the late celebrated actress, some years ago, affords him reasonable ground for the belief that, with increased experience, he may again be honored with the confidence of the musical world. The study of Oratorios will also form a part of the course of instruction, and the advantages of the school will be open to efficient amateurs as to professional students. Terms 10 guineas per quarter (exclusive of the hire of music), paid in advance. A fee of half-a-guinea charged for trying the voice, and giving professional opinion. There will also be classes for the study of the Italian, French and German languages, a knowledge of which is so important to the musical artist. All applications to be made, in the first instance by letter, addressed to Mr. Howard Glover, at Messrs. Duncan Davison's Music Warehouse, 244 Regent-street.

MISS PALMER begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she will return to town MONDAY, October 19th. All letters to be addressed to her residence, Sherwood Cottage, Park Village East, Regent's Park, N.W.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH, Teacher of Singing, begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has returned to Town. 69 Great Russell Street, Russell Square.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN (Soprano) begs to announce her return to London for the Winter Season. Communications respecting engagements for Concert and Oratorio in town and country to be addressed (as usual) to her residence, 115 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Mdlle. L. VAN NOORDEN will sing 17th and 24th October in Glasgow, and is free to accept engagements en route.

MDLLE. PAREPA will conclude her engagements in Berlin and Leipzig the last week in October, and will be in London on the 1st of November. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 50 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square.

MR. AND MRS. G. A. MACFARREN inform their Friends and Pupils that they have removed to No. 7 Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MR. AGUILAR begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town, to resume his professional engagements.

MR. HANDEL GEAR, Professor and Teacher of Italian, German and English Singing, begs to acquaint his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to town. 32 Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. WILLIAM BOLLEN HARRISON begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to Town to resume his professional engagements. 34 Regent Circus.

SIGNOR MARCHESI begs to announce to his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to town. All communications for lessons, concerts and operatic engagements, to be addressed to him, at his residence, 13 Bentinck Street, W.

HERR WILHELM GANZ begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to Town for the Season. 15 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

## ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MR. ASCHER will play his Popular Pianoforte Solo, "ALICE," THIS DAY, at the Crystal Palace, and on Monday, October 5, at Peterborough; 6th, Manchester; 7th, Liverpool; 8th, Warrington; 9th, Sheffield; and 10th, Leeds, &c.

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## THE GRAND OPERA IN PARIS.\*

The Opera, that large theatre, with its large orchestra, its numerous chorus, its liberal subsidy, drawn from the State, its extensive company, and its immense amount of scenery, resembles, in many particulars, the stork in the fable. At one time, we behold it sleeping on one leg; at another, it shapes it course to the most shallow pieces of water, in search of food, and does not despise even the gudgeon, at which its gorge generally rises, and whose name alone is sufficient to offend its gastronomical pride. But the poor bird is wounded in the wing; it walks, because it cannot fly, while its legs are the less likely to bear it to its destination, since it does not know to what point of the compass it shall turn.

The Opera, like all other theatres, desires "money and honor, reputation and good receipts. Great successes procure it one and the other; meritorious works often achieve a triumph, but great composers and skilful authors can alone supply them. Yet such works, sparkling with intelligence and genius, cannot display all their living beauty, except by means of an animated, noble, warm, tasty, faithful, grandiose, brilliant and inspired performance. The excellence of the latter, however, depends not merely on the choice of those who carry it out, but on the spirit which actuates them. This spirit might certainly be a good one, but, for some time past, the conviction has forced itself upon every one that a perfect passion for mediocrity sways the Opera. Despite the best intentions in the world, it works itself up into enthusiasm for dullness, is inspired with admiration for insipidity, glows for inanity, and becomes poetical for prose. Since, moreover, it has long perceived that the public, who from sheer weariness have grown indifferent, allow everything offered them to pass by unheeded, without either praise or blame, it has justly concluded that it can do as it likes in its own house, and, without fear, give itself up to all the impulses of its passion for erecting altars to mediocrity and strewing incense before it.

In order to achieve so successful a result, the Opera—seconded by those of its agents, whose happy disposition asks nothing more than that they should be left to themselves—has so worn out, used up, and obstructed in their soaring flight, all its artists, that many of them, hanging their harps upon the willows of the bank, have stood still and wept, while others have begun, from indignation, to hate their calling. Many have dozed off into a slumber, while the philosophers among them, as they pocket their salaries, laughing, parody Mazarin's expression thus: "The Opera does not sing, but it pays."

The orchestra alone causes the Opera great trouble in the task of subjection. The majority of its members, consisting of virtuosos of the first rank, belong to the orchestra of the Conservatory; these gentlemen consequently are to a certain degree connected with the most elevated kind of art, and with a select public; hence arise the ideas which they have imbibed, and the resistance which they have offered to the attempts to subject them. But there exists no artistic organisation whose flight may not, in course of time, be stopped, whose fire may not be extinguished, whose vigor may not be diminished, and whose bold progress may not be arrested by the continuous performance of bad works. "Ah! you laugh at my singers, do you?" says the Opera to them frequently. "You make merry with my new scores, do you, gentlemen of the orchestra? I will soon bring you to your senses. There is a piece with no end of acts, with the beauties of which you shall be made acquainted. As a general rule, three rehearsals would suffice for it; but you, however, shall have twelve or fifteen; make haste slowly. We will perform the work ten times consecutively till no one goes to hear it; we will then proceed to another of the same sort and of the same degree of merit. I have the honor of now offering you an opera scribbled off in a hurry and full of galopades. You will study it with as much care as the preceding one, and a little later you shall have one from a composer who has never written anything else. You complain that the singers never keep tune or time; they, on their side, complain of the strictness of the accompaniment; for the future you must accommodate your *tempo* to that of the singers; you must rest upon any particular note, whatever it may be, until they have finished, and then even give them time to recover their breath."—Thus, I am afraid, the poor, fine old orchestra will gradually sink into despondency, then into

morbid somnolency, then into languishing debility, and lastly into mediocrity, that abyss down which the Opera drives all connected with it.

The chorus is brought up after another fashion. In order not to be under the necessity of applying to the chorus the troublesome system hitherto employed with such slight success for the orchestra, the Opera endeavours to replace the choristers of the old school by choristers of the new, that is to say by choristers of only moderate ability. But, in this instance, it overshoots its mark, for, after a short time, the new choristers become so bad, that they are no longer adapted for the especial style, that of mediocrity, for which they were expressly engaged.

And what is the system pursued for studying new works! In the first place, no one thinks at all about them. Subsequently, when those concerned awake to the conviction that they ought to think about them a little, they give themselves up to repose; and, confound it, they are right! They must not expose themselves, by too great exertion, to a premature exhaustion of the mind! By means of a series of efforts so wisely managed, they, at length, succeed in calling a first rehearsal. On the day appointed for the latter, the manager gets up early, shaves hurriedly, rates his servant several times for his slowness, rapidly swallows a cup of coffee, and—starts for the country. A few singers are kind enough to attend the rehearsal; gradually there are actually five assembled. The time for beginning being fixed at half-past twelve, these five chat quietly about politics, trade, railways, fashions, the funds, the ballet and philosophy, till about two. The repetitor then ventures to observe that he has been waiting a long time, and requests the artists to be good enough to take their parts, so that they may know what they are about.

On hearing this request, everyone decides upon having his part given him. He looks through it a minute, shakes the sand from it, cursing the copyist the while, and begins to prate a little less. "But how shall we manage to sing! The first piece is a sextet, and we are only five? That is to say: we were five, for M. S.—has left; his lawyer has just sent for him on important business. We four cannot rehearse a sextet." Hereupon, they all slowly go away as they came. The next day, there can be no rehearsal, because it is Sunday; neither can there be one on the day after, for it is Monday, when the theatre is open in the evening, and even those artists who are not obliged to play rest upon their laurels and think of the trouble their comrades will have to undergo. Well, then, Tuesday! It strikes one. The two singers who did not put in an appearance on the former occasion enter, but not one of the others arrive. At a quarter to three, however, everyone is present, with the exception of the second tenor and first bass. The ladies are most charming, and overflowing with admirable humor. One of them suggests that they should begin the sextet without a bass. "It will not matter, and each of us will at least become acquainted with his or her part," she observes.—"One moment, ladies and gentlemen," says the repetitor; "I will just look at the music . . . . this—chord—I can scarcely make out the notes. It cannot be expected a man should play a score of twenty lines *prima vista*."—"Oh, you do not know the score yet, and notwithstanding that, would teach us our parts, eh?" says the somewhat forward Mad. S.—. "My dear Sir, the best thing you could do would be to study it before coming here." "As you could not do so for your part, reading music not being one of your accomplishments, I cannot certainly address the same request to you, Madam," replies the repetitor,—"Come, let us begin!" cries D— impatiently. (Ritornel, recitative by D— Harmony in F major. Ah! an A minor). "M—, that is your mistake!"—"How can I have sung A flat when I have not opened my lips?"—Good evening, everybody," says D—, getting up. "You are all very clever, but you are not attentive. Besides, it is half-past three, and there are no rehearsals after three. To-day is Tuesday, and, probably, I may have to sing next F iday in the *Huguenots*. I must take care of myself. Moreover, I am hoarse, and it was only from an excess of zeal that I came to rehearsal at all. Hem! Hem!" Upon this, everyone takes his departure. The eight or ten following rehearsals resemble more or less the first. In this way a month passes before rehearsals of a somewhat more serious character are held three times a week. This makes twelve rehearsals a month. The manager does all he can to stir up the artists to exertion by his absence, and when a one act opera, after

\* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

being announced for the first of April, is really brought out at the end of August, he may justly say, pluming himself upon the fact: "It is only a trifle; we got it up in forty-eight hours."

## BEETHOVEN IN SATURN'S RING.

## THE MEDIUMS.\*

The world of music is, at the present moment, deeply agitated; all the philosophy of Art seems to be overturned. People generally believed, only a few days ago, that the Beautiful in music was, like Ugliness, absolute; that is to say, that a piece that was beautiful, like a piece that was displeasing or mediocre, for persons who call themselves persons of good taste, was also beautiful, displeasing, or mediocre for every one, and consequently, for people without taste or education, the result of this consoling opinion was that a masterpiece capable of causing tears to flow from the eyes of a person residing at No. 58 Rue de la Chausse d'Antin, Paris, or of boring or disgusting him, must necessarily produce the same effect upon a Cochinchinese, a Laplander, a Turk, or a porter of the Rue des Mauvaises Paroles. When I say *people believed*, I mean by *people*, savants, doctors and simple-minded individuals, for in these questions great and little minds are alike, and *qui ne se ressemble pas s'assemble*. As for myself, who am not a savant, a doctor, or a simpleton, I never quite knew what to think of those grave questions of controversy; I believe, however, that I believed nothing at all; but, at present, I am sure, my opinion is fixed, and I believe much less in the Absolutely-Beautiful than in unicorn's horns. This is why I beg you not to believe in the horn of the unicorn. It is now proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that unicorns exist in several parts of the Himalayas. We all know the adventure of Mr. Kingsdom—the celebrated English traveller; astonished at meeting with one of these animals, which he believed fabulous (that is what becomes of believing anything), looked at it with a degree of attention offensive to the elegant quadruped. The unicorn, irritated at this, rushed upon Mr. Kingsdom, pinned him to a tree, and left in his breast a long piece of its horn as a proof of its existence. The unfortunate Englishman could never recover from the shock.

At present, I must say why, for some little time, I am sure I believe that I do not believe in the Absolutely-Beautiful in music. A revolution ought naturally to take place, and really has taken place, in philosophy, after the marvellous discovery of table-turning by the aid of the mediums, of the conjuring-up of spirits and of spiritual conversations. Music could not remain beyond the reach of so important a fact, and continue isolated from the world of spirits; being, as it is, the science of the Impalpable, the Imponderable, and the Indiscernable. A great many musicians, therefore, put themselves in communication with the world of spirits or of mind (as they ought to have done long ago). By means of a deal table, of very moderate price, on which you place your hands, and which, after some minutes' reflection, begins lifting one or two of its legs in a manner, unfortunately, to shock the modesty of English ladies, you succeed not only in calling up the spirit of a great composer, but in entering into a regular conversation with him, and in forcing him to answer all sorts of questions. But more than this, if you set about your task properly, you can compel the spirit of the great master to dictate a new work, which issues entire and hot from his brain. As with the letters of the alphabet, it is agreed that the table, raising its legs and striking upon the floor, shall give so many knocks for a C, so many for a D, so many for an F, so many for a quaver, so many for a semi-quaver, so many for a quaver rest and so many for a semi-quaver rest, &c. I know what the reader will remark: "It is agreed, you say? Agreed with whom? With the spirits evidently. But, before the agreement was made, how did the first medium manage to find out that the spirits did agree?" I cannot tell you; but what is certain, is that this fact is certain; besides, in these grand questions, you must allow yourself to be absolutely guided by your internal senses, and not be too particular.

Well then, already (as the Russians say), the spirit of Beethoven, who inhabits Saturn, was conjured up. That Mozart inhabits Jupiter is known to every one; one would think that the author of

*Fidelio* ought to have selected the same star for his residence; but no one is ignorant that Beethoven is somewhat savage and capricious; perhaps, too, he may feel some unavowed antipathy against Mozart. But, however this may be, he inhabits Saturn, or, at least, his ring. Well, last Monday, a medium who is very familiar with the great man, and does not dread putting the latter in a bad humor, by causing him to make so long a journey for nothing at all, places his hands upon the table for the purpose of sending to Beethoven, in Saturn's ring, the *order* to come and talk a little with him. The table immediately began to make indecent movements, raising its legs, and showing that the spirit was near. We must confess that the poor spirits are very obedient. During his lifetime, Beethoven would not have put himself out of the way to go only from the Kärnthner Thor Theater to the Imperial palace, had the Emperor of Austria begged him to come and pay him a visit, but now he leaves Saturn's ring, and interrupts his profound contemplations, to obey the *order* (mark well the word) of the first person possessing a deal table.

Such is death, and thus does it change one's disposition! How right Marmontel was to say, in his opera of *Zémir et Azor* :—

"Les esprits, dont on nous fait peur,  
Sont les meilleures gens du monde."

But so it is. I have already warned you that, in questions of this kind, you must not be too particular.

Beethoven arrives, and says, by means of the legs of the table: "Here I am!" The delighted medium taps the master's stomach. "Come, come," you will observe, "you are giving utterance to absurdities! You don't mean it!" "Yes I do. You have already spoken of brain in allusion to a spirit. Spirits are not bodies." "No, no, they are not. But you are perfectly well aware they are semi-bodies. That has been satisfactorily explained. Do not interrupt me again with such futile observations." I continue my melancholy recital. The medium, who is himself a semi-spirit, gives then a semi-knock on Beethoven's semi-stomach, and, with out ceremony, begs the semi-god to dictate a new sonata. The other does not wait to be pressed, and the table begins capering about. Some one writes from its dictation. As soon as the sonata is taken down, Beethoven leaves to return to Saturn. The medium, surrounded by a dozen stupefied spectators, approaches the piano, performs the sonata, and the stupefied spectators become dumbfounded listeners, on finding that the sonata is not a semi-platitude, but a complete platitude, a piece of nonsense and stupidity.

How can we now believe on the Absolutely-Beautiful? It is certain that, on going to inhabit a higher sphere, Beethoven could only have become perfect. His genius must have increased and grown more elevated than before, and, when dictating a new sonata, he must have desired to give the inhabitants of the earth an idea of the new style he has adopted in his new abode, an idea of his *fourth manner*, an idea of the music executed on the Erards in Saturn's ring. Yet this new style is precisely what we petty musicians of a petty and sub-Saturnian world call a flat, stupid and insupportable style, and which, far from transporting us to the fifty-eighth heaven, irritates and disgusts us. It is enough to make one lose one's reason, were that possible.

We must, therefore, believe that the Beautiful and the Ugly, not being absolute and universal, many productions of the human mind which are admired upon earth will be despised in the world of spirits, and I find myself authorised in concluding (by the way I have long believed such to be the case), that operas performed and applauded every night, even at theatres which modesty does not allow me to mention, would be hissed in Saturn, in Jupiter, in Mars, in Venus, in Pallas, in Sirius, in Neptune, in the Great and the Little Bear, and in the constellation of Bootes. In a word, that they are infinite platitudes for the infinite universe.

This conviction is not calculated to encourage those who produce a great deal. Many of them overwhelmed by the sad discovery, have been taken ill, and many, it is said, pass into the condition of spirits, that is to say, become all mind. Fortunately the process will be a long one.

PESTH.—A new operetta, *Was ist Liebe?*—words by Herr Morländer, music by Herr Weidt, conductor at the theatre here—has been produced with great success.

TURIN.—During the Carnival, a new opera, by Bazzoni, will be produced. It is entitled, *Maria di Ricci*.

\* The above skit is taken from M. Hector Berlioz's last work, *A Travers Chants*.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "MARSEILLAISE."

An anecdote supplied by the imagination of M. de Lamartine, in *Les Girondins*, concerning the "Hymn of the Marseillais," has just called forth a letter setting matters in their real light, and addressed to the *Courier du Bas-Rhin* by the Baron de Schauenburg. The contents of this letter agree with contemporary traditions collected from several biographical dictionaries, but they do not furnish any information with regard to the essential point of the composition of this celebrated air, the accents of which inflamed the courage of the heroes of the first French Republic. It is upon this subject that I am about to throw an unexpected light.

Rouget de l'Isle did not compose the music of the "Marseillaise," the proof of this I will adduce presently. He was a Captain of Engineers, employed at Strasbourg in 1792, at the period of the declaration of war, and shared in the patriotic enthusiasm with which all the garrison was seized at this important piece of news. In his excitement, he composed, under the title of a "Chant de Guerre," the energetic strophes, of which the commencement—

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

—was prophetic. Copies of the verses were rapidly spread about. They were sung to an operatic air then popular, and to which I think they were written. One of the copies of Rouget de l'Isle's "Chant de Guerre" having been taken to Paris, fell into the hands of a good musician known by the name of Navoigille, though his real one was Julien. An ardent republican, Navoigille was moved by the perusal of the verses, and immediately produced the sublime song which has ensured their immortality. Like all my contemporaries, I long believed that the author of the words wrote the music as well. I thought so even when I published the article on Rouget de l'Isle in the seventh volume of the first edition of *La Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* (1841). I made the acquaintance of Rouget de l'Isle in 1809, at the house of my pupil, Madame Gail, who wrote the two operas of *Les deux Jaloux* and *La Sérénade*. He often visited this remarkable woman, who was very friendly towards him, writing down the arrangements which he composed by instinct (for he was only a very mediocre musician), and composing the pianoforte accompaniment. I felt, I confess, astonished that, with so poor a musical education, he should have been able to create the melody, so fine, so regular and so rhythmical, to which he is indebted for his reputation; but no doubt had ever been entertained as to its paternity, which I had no reason to question. In consequence of a fortunate accident I became possessed, in 1847, of two collections, which it would perhaps be impossible to form at the present day. The first consists of all the revolutionary and republican songs, in little flying sheets; the other contains all the pieces composed by Gossec, Catel, Leseur, Cherubini, Jadin, &c., for the fêtes of the Republic, for the Champ de Mars, and for the Temples of Reason. My readers may imagine my astonishment on finding in the former of these collections, among the little sheets which were sold in the time of the Convention, and then of the Directory, for *six sous*, at the doors of the theatres, and which contained patriotic songs, and the songs of the new operas, the song of the "Marseillaise," with this title, "Marche des Marseillais, paroles du citoyen Rouget de l'Isle, musique du citoyen Navoigille : à Paris, chez Frère, passage du Saumon, où l'on trouve tous les airs patriotes des vrais sans culottes!" ("The March of the Marseillais, words by the Citizen Rouget de l'Isle, music by the Citizen Navoigille : Paris, published by Frère, Passage du Saumon, where may be had all the Patriotic Airs of the real Sans Culottes.") Another copy of the same song, with a guitar accompaniment, has for its title simply "Marche des Marseillais, musique du citoyen Navoigille, accompagnement de guitare par le citoyen Mathieu."—The March of the Marseillais, music by Citizen Navoigille, guitar accompaniment by Citizen Mathieu. At the bottom we read, "Au magasin de musique à l'usage des fêtes nationales, rue Joseph, section de Brutus."—To be had at the establishment for the sale of music for the national fêtes, Rue Joseph, section of Brutus.

We know that the "Vrais Sans Culottes," or Terrorists, enjoyed a political existence of about only eighteen months, in 1793 and 1794, up to the month of July. It was, therefore, in 1793 that the "Marseillaise" was known to every one as the work of Navoigille, for the musical portion at least, and that it was publicly sold and hawked about under his name, without any objection being raised by Rouget de l'Isle, either then or subsequently. When Rouget de l'Isle wrote the words of the hymn, he fancied that he was merely composing a few verses suited to the state of affairs at the moment, and did not foresee the influence they would derive from the melody. Michaud, jun., who was personally acquainted with Rouget de l'Isle, says, in the supplement to the *Biographie universelle* (vol. 80, p. 57), "That it was while singing the hymn that the Marseillais attacked the Palace of the Tuilleries on the 10th August, and that from this fact it derived the

name of the 'Marseillaise,' of which the author had not thought." He adds, "He deplored at a later period these mournful results, and, as is well known, the too frank manifestation of his dissatisfaction caused his arrest during the reign of terror. He was not released from prison before the fall of Robespierre, when he took up his residence in the capital." Being settled at Paris, where the "Marseillaise" was sung as the work—as far as the music went—of Navoigille, it was then he ought to have publicly protested, had the music been his, but he did nothing of the kind. Moreover, he published, in the year V (1797), an octavo volume, with the title of *Essais en Vers et en Prose*. In it we find the words of the "Marseillaise," which is called simply a "chant de guerre," or "war song," but we do not meet a word relating to the music. It was not till nearly thirty years later that Rouget de l'Isle published the music of the hymn under his own name, in a collection entitled, *Cinquante chants, français, paroles de différents auteurs, mis en musique par Rouget de L'Isle*. Paris, l'auteur, 1825, in 4to gravié. Navoigille had been dead fourteen years.

I think I ought not to conclude this article without giving some biographical details concerning the composer of so fine a song, which, even in the absence of any other title, would suffice to render his name worthy of being handed down to posterity.

Guillaume Julien, surnamed Navoigille, a composer and violinist of some talent, was born at Givet (Ardennes), in 1745. He left that town for the purpose of studying music in Paris, where a lucky chance procured for him the acquaintance of a noble Venetian, who, charmed with his natural good qualities, conceived a regard for him, gave him a lodgment in his own house, and conferred upon him the name by which he was known. Subsequently, Monsigny procured his admission into the household of the Duke of Orleans. After the death of that prince Navoigille sought a livelihood in the resources of his art. He had gained a good reputation as conductor by the talent he had exhibited when conducting the band at the concerts of the Olympic Lodge, concerts which were then celebrated, and for which Hadyn had written six fine symphonies. Navoigille was a good violinist, and opened, in his own house, a gratuitous course of instruction on his instrument, the most remarkable product of this course being the eccentric Alexandra Boucher.

In 1789, Navoigille entered, as chief of the second violins, the excellent Italian Opera established in the Théâtre Feydeau, then called the Théâtre de Monsieur. Five years later he resigned this place, and accepted that of conductor at the Pantomime Nationale, afterwards known by the title of Théâtre de la Cité. He still conducted here in 1797, but the bankruptcy of the manager left him without employment, and in far from easy circumstances. When Plantade was chosen (in 1805) to conduct the band of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, he got his friend Navoigille an engagement in the orchestra. The union of Holland with France caused Navoigille to return to Paris, where he died, in the month of November, 1811.

Navoigille wrote for the Théâtre de la Pantomime Nationale some few works, among which public attention was attracted to the *Heroine Suisse*, the music of which exhibited melodic novelty. He published, moreover, sonatas, duets, and trios for the violin. They obtained a certain amount of success, but his most glorious title, the title which will endear his name to posterity, is that of the creator of the "Marseillaise." —

FERRIS, SEN.

MILAN.—The following are the particulars relative to the intended Quartet Society at Milan.—A Musical Academy is to be established under the title of the Quartet Society of Milan, upon the following regulations:—1st, The aim of the association is to encourage the students of music—(a) By public trials, (b) by prizes, (c) by the publication of a Musical Gazette under the direction of the society. 2ndly, The society to be composed of—Patrons, ordinary members, corresponding members. 3rdly, The patrons to consist of musical amateurs, who are to pay 40 Italian francs annually, in two half-yearly payments, besides an entrance fee of 20f.; Ordinary Members, by right—Artists and professors exercising their art, who will pay 25f. yearly, in two portions as above, and an entrance fee of 10f.; Corresponding Members—Those who reside out of Milan, who are to pay 20f. yearly. 4thly, Patrons and ordinary members to be entitled to a copy of the prize composition, to the Gazette published by the society, and to free admission to the public trials, each patron to be entitled to two tickets; the corresponding members to enjoy the same privileges, except the admission to the public performances. As soon as sixty signatures of patrons shall be received the society will be declared constituted, and the members will be invited to a meeting with the view of choosing a President, &c., and naming a Commission to be charged with the composition of rules and statutes for the society, which will be afterwards discussed in a subsequent general meeting. Subscriptions will be received at Ricardi's Royal Musical Establishment, Piazza delle Scala, and No. 1, Via degli Omenoni.—TTO RICORDI, Promoter.—Milan, Sept. 1, 1863.

## HORSLEY'S DAVID AT VICTORIA.

It is something upon which to congratulate both the colony and the musical world, namely, the fact of Victoria possessing the materials for producing so very important a work as an original oratorio. Nationally considered, it is in the very highest degree suggestive, indicating as it does that the community in which it is produced has arrived at that very high state of social refinement which pre-supposes the existence of a vast number of conditions, each one itself also indicative of a very high degree of progressive advancement. It is impossible not to be struck with the rapidity of development that has marked our career of six and twenty years, from a state of the most pristine simplicity to that which includes all those ingenious contrivances which Art, in a thousand different modes, presents for the acceptance of our senses. The subject of Victorian progress is so constantly commented on, that to refer to it is but the revival of a hackneyed theme, and yet an original lyric work belonging to the very highest class, is a circumstance so startling in its character that its consideration, apart from the reflections to which it gives rise, is impossible. It may be said that Victorian progress is not genuinely indicated by the mere fact of an English musician producing his work in Australia, and no doubt when a native Australian shall have done what Mr. Horsley has just accomplished, we shall have still more reason to boast of our achievements. But it is not a little thing to find an English composer abiding among us, and himself conducting the first performance of a work which, if it has not been composed in the colony, has, no doubt, received here those final elaborations and embellishments which are sometimes all-important in giving character and expression to a production. It is not unimportant, moreover, to remember that we possess the means of giving audible utterance in so effective a manner, to the conceptions of a composer. It should be borne in mind that the organisation of a competent chorus, and the bringing together of executants to interpret the instrumental portions of a lyrical production like that performed last night, is in itself a labor demanding much careful attention, and requiring no little capacity for developing latent capabilities. We must have made great advances in orchestral practice before a composer would feel secure in entrusting the presentation of his work to a large number of persons, any one of whom being deficient in power, or unpractised in execution, might readily endanger its success. The great labor and unwearyed zeal demanded of Mr. Horsley in having so far disciplined the forces at his command, that the production of his oratorio was, taking it as a whole, a marked success, is worthy of special chronicle. We are assuming that this is the first time Mr. Horsley's *David* has been performed at any time. We are not aware of its having been made known to the world in England, but if it had been the difficulties of producing it here would have been lessened in no sensible degree, and, therefore, all the merit it possesses is to be taken without any qualification; for in the more established lyric works, there are certain defined modes of treatment which, having been suggested, from time to time, as they have been presented, have been adopted as rules from which it would be a kind of musical heresy to depart. Mr. Horsley's oratorio possesses no such advantages, and, therefore, its absolute excellence is all the more deserving of mention. In selecting his theme, he has been very happy in taking a subject presenting the very greatest possible variety of dramatic incident. The history of the "Sweet Singer of Israel" is a romance of the most striking kind. His career is a succession of startling episodes, each one dramatically colored so highly, that its expression through the medium of musical numbers seems to invite the genius of a composer. What, for example, can be more suitable for this purpose than the scene wherein he first emerges from his lowly occupation of a shepherd boy. He has heard the martial sounds from afar, denoting the excitement and consternation of the people as they are contemplating the approach of their dreaded enemy, in the person of their champion, the giant Goliath. He quits the tending of his flocks, and nears the plain where the terrible conflict is about to take place. His breast is full of patriotism, and his heart is beating wildly to avenge the insult offered to his people. But he is slighted for his youth, and blamed for his presumption, and when to the reproof of Eliab he replies, "What have I now done, is there not a cause?" he expresses the whole of his history in epitome. Mr. Horsley has availed himself of the opportunity to denote with appropriate emphasis the special significance of this rejoinder, and it serves well to illustrate the nature of the rest of the work. This, however, does not commence at this point, and it is only fair to the composer to state that he does not profess in the oratorio to have adhered necessarily to any presumed limits, defining the boundaries of a strictly dramatic story. His intention is rather to present a series of isolated passages, illustrative of the life of the warrior king, than to sketch his biography. He has ingeniously turned to account those psalmodic utterances which reflect so minutely the inner life of him who wrote them, and thus in this way he has made the principal character in his work the exponent of the condition and feelings which are felt to be the result of the events taking place. He opens with a choral recitative of a passage describing the displeasure of God at the sin of Saul, after which there is a lamentation full of tenderness and regret at the decadence of the hope of Israel. To this naturally follows a prayer of supplication, that the evil impending might be averted; and so on, from the beginning to the end of the work, there is, notwithstanding the fact that its consecutive ness is not to be insisted upon, a gradual transition and a natural connection which takes away from it any quality of suddenness or abruptness.

Thus, the distinguishing character of the oratorio is, if we may so express it undulating. It does not distract by the violence of *ad captandum* appeals to the imagination. It secures the assent of the judgment by a kind of tender solicitation of the other faculty. It suggests many pictures, and these are neither strongly opposed as to their lights and shadows, nor colored obtrusively nor garishly. Neither is this subdued tone produced at a sacrifice of the characteristic effect necessary to be brought about. And this we hold to be genuine Art, as contrasted with mere speciousness and display.

It would be impossible, without entrenching on the limits of our available space, to go into a detailed analysis of *David*. It is eminently creditable to its author that he has been able to surmount the difficulties inevitably attendant upon its production, and the Philharmonic Society may felicitate itself that its affairs are under the control of so able and accomplished a musician.

If we were to specialise any portions of the work as more particularly worthy of favorable comment, we might especially mention the air for the tenor voice—"The Lord is my Shepherd." This is full of the most delicate and softly flowing melody, eminently suggestive of the poetic and devout spirit which inspired the words. The chorus beginning—"The king shall joy in thy strength," is replete with sweetness, and it lingers on the ear with a charming persistency. The trio for two sopranos and tenor, "How amiable are thy dwelling places," is also to be ranked among the higher beauties, and the concluding Hallelujah chorus is grand and spirited in a very high degree. Of the merits of the performers it would be unjust to speak other than in terms of commendation. They were all manifestly actuated by the most praiseworthy endeavor to aid their conductor in bringing out his work with the utmost effect of which the resources at his command were capable, and though once or twice there was observable a little unsteadiness in the male voices of the chorus, there was no evidence whatever of any disposition to do other than the most perfect justice to the important work of presenting with all possible completeness an oratorio composed and conducted by a maestro resident in this remote colony of Victoria.—*Melbourne Herald*, July 1st, 1863.

**A PUFF AND TART REMARKS.**—The theatrical journals are notorious for their absurd and incomprehensible advertisements, but they have lately been indulging in one more ridiculous than usual. A gentleman, who announces himself to an astonished public as a popular tragedian, offers to prepare people for the stage, and bids them apply to the manager of a theatre in Soho—few doors, in fact, "above that elegant establishment." But he winds up with the following charming sentence, in which he states that a young lady, whose performance of a Shakspearian character "has won golden opinions from all sorts of people is a pupil of"—the popular tragedian—"and to whom she is principally indebted for her success." There is a delicious modesty about that last assertion! Even were such the case, the popular tragedian is hardly the person to publish it, but it is in truth hard to say what the popular T. can have done, except as a sign-post to point the way he did not go himself; unless, like the Spartan helot, he showed what evils were to be avoided. It could hardly be for the learning of English that the lady studied under "and to whom."—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

**A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.**—The following anecdote, which bears a strong resemblance to a *canard*, has lately made the round of the continental press:—"Meyerbeer was very nearly passing a night in Baden, a short time since, without a roof over his head. He wished to hear Naudin (?), and telegraphed for apartments and a place at the theatre. The message was signed only 'Meyer.' The hotel was full, and the crowd at the theatre great. No one felt any inclination to put himself out of the way to oblige a gentleman rejoicing in the rather ordinary name of 'Meyer,' and so the celebrated composer, on his arrival in the evening, found neither apartments nor a place in the theatre. After a long search, he was obliged to content himself with a wretched garret in a remote part of the town, where, it is added, he shivered with cold all night. As a matter of course, he was fetched away in triumph the next morning and installed in magnificent quarters, which belonged to one of his greatest admirers, who placed them at his disposal, the performance of the previous evening being repeated expressly for the maestro." "Very like a whale," we should say.

**Ems.**—At the last concert in the Kursaal, MM. Vieuxtemps, Batta, and Mad. Escudier, played Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor. The lady executed, moreover, alone, a Fantasia by Dr. Franz Liszt, and M. Vieuxtemps his "Appassionata," besides two Irish melodies. M. Vivier executed Schubert's "Lob der Thränen" in a manner which may be imagined but cannot be described.

**PRAGUE.**—It appears that one of the results of Madlle. Adelina Patti's performance here is that Herr Bachmann will leave. Herr Strakosch, the *Senorita*'s brother-in-law and master, has lately been in communication with Herr Bachmann for the purpose of engaging him, at a salary of 30,000 florins for three years, as a member of Mr. Gye's company at Covent Garden. As yet, however, Herr Bachmann has given no decided answer.

## AP' MUTTON COLUMN.

RESEEKINGS—COMMENTS—ANECDOTES—QUESTIONS—ANSWERS.

BEETHOVEN'S ADELAIDE.—(Op. 46.) It is scarcely necessary to say much about this incomparably beautiful song, the words of which have been translated almost into every language, and have won for the poet, Matthison (from whose pen several other songs were set by Beethoven), an immortality for which he has to thank the genius of the musician. "Adelaide" was written not long after the second symphony (in D), and not long before the celebrated sonata for piano and violin, dedicated to Kreutzer, composer of the opera of *Lodoiska*—somewhere about the period of the first version of *Fidelio*. It may be interesting to know that Beethoven himself transposed "Adelaide," from B flat to C, to accommodate Rubini—a variation which has been likened, fancifully enough, to the difference between blue and violet. An anecdote was current that "Adelaide" was saved for posterity by Herr Barth, a singer in the Austrian Imperial Chapel. Barth happened to call on Beethoven, when the latter handed him a manuscript, saying—"There! I have composed this to-day; we have a fire in the stove, and in it shall go." Barth, however, read the composition through, and then tried it over. Upon which Beethoven, who had listened with great attention, immediately took back the manuscript, and said, "Barth, my dear old fellow, we will not burn it." *Si non e vero e ben trovato.* Mr. A. W. Thayer, however, the American *dilettante*, who contributes to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*, under the signature of "Diarist"—as great an enthusiast for Beethoven as Lenz himself, with a larger amount of judgment and far more solid and various information to guide him in his researches—demolishes the authenticity of this "anecdote" at a blow. "A gentleman," says the "Diarist," "directed my attention to a long and excellent article (as he said), in a literary periodical, which would give me certain valuable facts and traits in Beethoven's character. So, from bookstore to bookstore, from library to library, I went to find the periodical. After much loss of time and trouble, it occurred to me that the Imperial Library must have it. Sure enough, half-a-dozen bound volumes were brought me, and I set myself to work searching for my article. At last, it proved to be a lot of anecdotes printed with 'pictures to match,' the last of which was an old acquaintance, which I had ten years before carefully copied, and found afterwards to be—bosh. It is the old story how the tenor singer Barth visited Beethoven one day, and found him just about to burn a piece of music. 'Let me first sing it,' says Barth. He did so, and Beethoven exclaimed, 'No, we will not burn it.' It was the 'Adelaide.' Is it not a pity that so good a story should be met by this fact:—Barth first came to Vienna in 1808, when 'Adelaide' had already been printed over ten years." The date of "Adelaide" may be inferred from the first advertisement which appeared in the *Vienna Journal* of Feb. 8, 1797, to this effect—"Adelaide," by Matthison, a cantata for a solo voice, with accompaniment of pianoforte." Matthison's little volume of poems had appeared but a short time before. Two of them interested Beethoven greatly, the "Adelaide" and the "Oferlief," which latter he set to music twice—once for voice and piano, and, some twenty years later, for chorus with orchestra.

J. N. HUMMEL.—Johann Nepomuk Hummel was equally distinguished as a performer (on the piano), "improviseur," and composer. In execution, continuing the pure style of Mozart, enhanced by the regular principles of mechanism which he learned of Clementi during two years in London, he became himself the founder of a new German school, in which many celebrated artists have been formed. The epoch of Hummel among the German pianists was a real epoch of progress and of transformation. Greater difficulties have been produced in piano playing since his time; but no one has gone beyond him in purity, regularity and correctness of execution, in crispness of touch, in coloring and expression. His performance was less the result of a desire to display great skill, than the attempt to express thoughts essentially musical. These thoughts, always complete, manifested themselves under his hands with all the advantages of grace, delicacy, depth and expression. In his improvisation, Hummel had such power of fixing and giving regular form to his fugitive ideas and inspirations, that he seemed to be executing premeditated compositions. And yet there was nothing cold or mechanical; the ideas were so felicitous, the manner so charming, the details so elegant, that his hearers became lost in admiration. Hummel's very remarkable productions, especially in the sphere of instrumental music, have placed him in the first rank of distinguished composers of the nineteenth century. General opinion has hardly estimated his best works highly enough. His Septuor in D minor (Op. 74); his Quintet for piano (Op. 87); his Concertos in A minor (Op. 85), in B minor (Op. 89), in E major (Op. 110), and in A flat (Op. 113); some of his trios for piano, violin and violoncello; and the solo sonatas in F minor (Op. 20) and D major (Op. 106), are works of the very highest merit—in short, more or less masterpieces. As a composer of Church music Hummel also holds a high rank; his

masses standing in some respects (though inferior to those of Beethoven and Cherubini) nearest to those of Haydn and Mozart. Hummel was born at Presburg, November 14, 1778, and died at Weimar, October 17, 1837, in his 59th year.

MOZART'S "COSI FAN TUTTE."—The opera of *Cosi fan Tutte, ossia la Scuola degli Amanti* (*So they do all, or the School for Love*), Mozart's fifth dramatic work (of course without taking into account the operas composed when he was a boy in Italy), was composed in the year 1790, and produced at the Italian Theatre in Vienna. Notwithstanding the weakness of its *libretto*, this opera is almost as crowded with beauties as any similar effort of its author, and by no means deserves the quasi-oblivion into which it has fallen. The first act especially is a masterpiece from end to end. *Cosi fan Tutte* was revived last winter with prodigious success, at the Italian Opera in Paris, Madame Albini sustaining one of the principal characters.

MY DEAR MR. AP' MUTTON.—As you were good enough to insert in last week's number of the *Musical World* my extract from Lord Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients*, I send you this week an extract from No. 116 of *The Inspector*, a work published in 1753, which will doubtless prove equally entertaining to the readers of your very interesting column.

"We have among our composers in music, people of as true a taste as any nation could ever boast, though perhaps not quite equal to those of Italy in imagination.

"Purcell I would place in the foremost rank of these, and I am glad of an opportunity of doing justice to the merit of Dr. Boyce, by declaring that I think a portion of the spirit of that master has fallen upon him.

These and others of our eminent men in this way have adapted their sounds to the sense of the words that were to be expressed by them; but while an ignorant affectation reigns at its present height in most of the people who perform their pieces, this merit is wholly lost to us; and from their mere fondness for variety, their giving them in a tune the composer never intended, wholly destroys this first merit of the composition. Nor is it in one instance only that I have known this single piece of address convert a prayer into a jig.

"Too much sameness is a fault with which our music has been charged by the judicious among the foreigners. Perhaps our naturally cooler genius gives some room for the censure.

"It is in vain, however, that our composers avoid this in its most striking light by a happy variety in their closes; while every performer among us has his additional grace for the end of every song, which is appropriated to no one in the world, but which serves alike for all; and concludes ballads and cantatas, catches and deums, in the same manner.

"Our instrumental performers are as deeply tainted with this vitiated taste, and at once hide all their own merit and that of the author of the music with the same awkward affectation; they daub and obscure the finest pieces with their additional graces as infamously as a schoolboy would deface a mezzotinto of Faber's by his coloring it; and while they scrape at the bridge, and, as Gay very prophetically speaks it of them,—

"Tunefully torment the refin'd string."

we have no opportunity of knowing that theirs is the same instrument which, in the hand of a Giardini or Pasquillino, fills the ear with melody.

\* \* \* \* \* Though this false taste be general among us it is not universal. The more eminent in all the arts and professions are above its reach.

If agreeable to you, I will send next week an extract from *The World*, upon simplicity, published the same year.—Yours faithfully,

ALFRED J. PHASEY.

O AP' MUTTON, Esq.

OWAIN AP' MUTTON  
[Contributions to this column in the shape of questions and answers, old scraps of musical history, buried anecdotes, contrapuntal clutches and opinions, whether paradoxical or plattitudinarian, are politely requested.]

## GRUNEISEN AND MAGGIONI.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir.—There are some terrible misprints in my letter published in your columns of Saturday, which has just reached me. Surely such mistakes as writing Jachino for Iachimo, and other literals, ought not to have occurred. And if the reader had referred to your file of 1852, he would not have printed Sivori instead of Linari, a well known Italian Director. Your correction of this will oblige.—Yours truly,  
COLOGNE, Sept. 29. C. L. GRUNEISEN.

[Mr. Gruneisen's writing is most puzzling to those unaccustomed to his hand.—ED. M. W.]

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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## NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but no later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Un Olandese viaggiava col suo servitore sulla strada ferrata da Londra a Douvres. Il treno esce dalle rotaie; il padrone è gettato in un fosso che fiancheggia la strada, il servitore resta sotto il convoglio. Il padrone si rialza e senza inquietarsi delle contusioni che ha ricevute non preoccupandosi degli altri più che di sé stesso:—Conduttore, grida, sapreste indicarmi dove sia John?—Ahimè! milord, l'infelice vostro servitore è stato diviso in pezzi dalla locomotiva. — Allora, riprende flemmaticamente il grave Olandese, fatemi grazia di vedere in qual pezzo del mio servitore si trovano le mie chiavi.—

MR. HORACE MAYHEW.—Questo fatto ci ha ricordato un motto di VOLTAIRE Egli aveva invitato a desinare uno dei suoi amici (Piron) col quale era sempre in discussione in proposito della salsa che convenisse meglio agli sparagi. Fontenelle gli amava all'olio, il suo amico gli voleva all'burro—al momento di mettersi a tavola, Fontenelle riceve la notizia della improvvisa morte del partigiano della salsa al burro. Tosto l'illustre scrittore si alza, corre alla cucina con l'ansietà di un uomo che ha paura di arrivare troppo tardi e grida al cuoco:—che gli sparagi siano cotti all'olio, e non al burro.

ONE OF A THOUSAND.—Our Reviews will be recommenced directly our Reviewer returns from the Continent.

MR. WILLETT BEALE has sent us a letter touching the Gruneisen-Maggioni controversy, which has arrived too late for insertion this week.

## BIRTHS.

On Tuesday, 29th September, the wife of W. H. CLEMOW, Esq., of a son.

On Monday, September 28th, the wife of JOHN OXFORD, Esq., of a daughter.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

PARIS, Oct. 1.

SIR,—As your correspondent G. R. has gone to Berlin,\* and as I have come to Paris, I will endeavor, however unworthy, to act as his temporary substitute.

Happily there is nothing to tell you—or, at best, next to nothing.

Last night I went to the Théâtre Lyrique, with M. Berlioz, who was polite enough to give me a place in his box.

A new opera was performed, for the first time—name,

\* Let us hope that while Mr. Roorees is in Berlin he will be able to find out for us what has become of our other correspondent, "Vale."—ED. M. W.

*Les Pêcheurs de Perles*; authors, MM. Barbier and Co.; composer, M. Georges Bizet, "Prix de Rome" of nine years standing.

The piece is rubbish, and only a "Prix de Rome" could have produced music so full of sound and fury and so signifying nothing.

Nevertheless, M. Bizet is said, by some, to be a pupil of M. Gounod, by others, of MM. Zimmerman and Halévy.

MM. Zimmerman and Halévy, being dead, cannot contest the honor, to which, however, M. Gounod, being alive, prefers a claim, à grands cris de professeur primésautier.

At least M. Gounod is reported to have preferred a claim, while *Les Pêcheurs* was in rehearsal, and while the friends of the young Bizet where shouting the praises of the young Bizet, in the ears of both willing and unwilling—among the staunchest and most vociferously panegyrical of those friends being the young Bizet himself, who is understood to have insisted, or pointed out, that Auber was no musician and Rossini no composer.

If Auber be no musician and Rossini no composer, then is the young Bizet a musician and composer; but if Auber be a musician and Rossini a composer, then is the young Bizet neither composer nor musician.

In my opinion Auber is a composer and Rossini a musician; Rossini a musician and Auber a composer; the young Bizet a tyro, overwhelmed and overwhelming with pretension—a "wind-bag," as Heinrich Heine said of Liszt, when comparing Liszt with Dreyfus.

The young Bizet's music is everything but melodious and harmonious; cribbing here and cribbing there, a series of beginnings, with oft reiterated endings, but no middlings—although all is more or less middling—it is intolerable, disappointing and tiresome.

By middlings I would signify middles. The young Bizet's orchestration is ambitious, but clumsy,—like the driving of Phaeton, who would (sic) guide the horses of the Sun, got out of his depths, or rather heights, and floundered, or rather fell.

The young Bizet, who is credited with looking upon Meyerbeer as a sort of musical lamp-trimmer, tries to drive Meyerbeer's horses notwithstanding; but tumbling out of the Meyerbeerian chariot, he knocks his head against the foot-lights, till his *chevelure* is a blaze.

It is long since I have heard so weak an opera as that of the young Bizet, who has only the excuse to plead that he is a "Prix de Rome" of nine years standing.

Have you ever seen one of those games, the play of which is that a teetotum is made to spin among a lot of upright figures and jerk down one after another, as best it may, till its force is spent and it lies disimperius'd and prostrate?

That game is well represented by *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, in the progress of which the young Bizet, a veritable teetotum in full spin, jerks down Weber and Auber and Meyerbeer and Gounod and (start not!) even Wagner; till, at the end, when the much relieved drop-scene diligently descends, he (the young Bizet)—spent teetotum-like—lies disimperius'd and prostrate, an object of legitimate commiseration.

I pity the young Bizet; but why, with his ragged and imperfected apparatus, did he dive for pearls, when he might easier have got periwinkles?

Alas! for the young Bizet!

The execution of *Les Pêcheurs* was not good.

M. Deloffre conducts as if he were shovelling imaginary coals; and M. Deloffre's orchestra is but a coal-shovelling orchestra, by no means worthy the reputation it enjoys;

while M. Deloffre's chorus is of the roughest hewn, and M. Deloffre's principals are no great shakes.

I must note an exception—Mdlle. de Maesen, a young soprano of one year's provincial standing, possessing voice and energy and soul, and who, perfectly at her ease upon the stage, may (I think will) become a first-class lyric artist.

The house was choked with the friends and partisans of the young Bizet, who recalled him in a tempest at the end.

As I left the theatre, I feared to ask M. Berlioz his opinion, because —, because M. Berlioz was "in a brown study;" so we walked from the Place Chatelet to the Café Cardinal, without exchanging a word or mentally recalling a phrase of the young Bizet's music.

Arrived at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu, we parted company in (solemn) silence.

Mr. Augustus Harris was in the Café, and I gave him a long description of *Les Pêcheurs*—a description of which he failed to apprehend a syllable, a description which, however, at one point seemed to interest him, for I saw him take out his pocket-book and pencil and write down two names, which names, by the motion of his fingers and a certain wink of both his eyes, I guessed were MAESEN and GYE.

Mr. Harris has engaged Dr. Schmitt, the Viennese bass.

I went to the grand opera on Monday night. There I witnessed a performance of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, and heard the new tenor, Villaret (voice not powerful, but talent promising); heard Mdlle. Marie Sax (Hélène) attempt the bolero with which Sophie Cruvelli (by the way, the Baronne Vigier is in Paris) was wont to electrify the house; heard the orchestra, and admitted the vast amelioration it owes to Georges Hainl; saw the ballet of the *Quatre Saisons*; came to the conclusion that Madame Zina Richard Meraute (formerly of Gye's) is the best dancer now living, and that the young Mdlle. Vernon looks prettier than she dances.

*Les Vêpres* is not Verdi's best opera, but it contains some charming, very charming, pieces.

Meyerbeer was present, which atoned for the house, in a great measure, being empty.

*There have been no good receipts since the four representations of Mdlle. Tietjens.*

M. Gueymard being laid up with rheumatism, the repertory of this great theatre is reduced to an opera or so and a ballet or so, which, it must be allowed, is but so so.

DISHLEY PETERS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

THE *Preludio con Fuga* in A minor, *alla Tarantella*, by John Sebastian Bach\*—one of the most individual, remarkable and difficult pieces ever composed for a keyed instrument—forms No. 2, in Book 9, of F. C. Griepenkerl's complete edition of the works of John Sebastian Bach for the pianoforte, or, as it was called in his day, clavichord. Of the eighteen original and beautiful pieces contained in Book 9 of Griepenkerl's collection, only two had been engraved, until that diligent enthusiast began his labor of collecting and publishing. The *Prelude and Fugue* in A minor was not one of these. It is barely alluded to by Forkel, whose account of Bach and his writings is quite as scanty as it is interesting. The most important epochs in the artistic life of John Sebastian Bach were—*first*, his second sojourn at Weimar, from 1708 to 1717; *second*, his engagement at Cothen, from 1717 to 1725; and *third*, his establishment at Leipsic, as Director of the Music at St. Thomas's Hospital, from 1723 until his death, on Feb. 28,

\* Introduced by Madame Arabella Goddard at the 48th Monday Popular Concert (seventh concert of the third season), January 14, 1861.

1750.\* What Bach composed anterior to 1708 is of little interest; but all he produced from that date onward is, as Herr Griepenkerl justly remarks, "the property of German people"—or, as he might still more justly have remarked, of the *civilized world*.

So far as we are enabled to judge from its style and general character, the *Prelude and Fugue* in A minor (which should not be confounded with the one more generally known†) must have been composed before 1725.‡ It was therefore one of the productions of the great musician's ripe maturity, and—as Forkel well remarks—"contains numberless beauties very nearly approaching the perfection of his later period." That it was written merely "to augment the suppleness of the composer's fingers"—as the same author suggests—it is difficult to believe. The worthy biographer says nothing of the picturesque beauty and original conduct of the prelude, nothing of the wonderfully ingenious and masterly construction of the fugue; and nothing (here, perhaps, not being a prophet, like Bach himself, Forkel is hardly to be censured) of the fact, that, both in prelude and fugue, the legitimate form of the symphonic movement (as in the allegros of the *Suites Anglaises*)—supposed to have been originated by Haydn—is presented with a completeness and symmetry perfectly astonishing, the period at which it is written taken into consideration. The *Prelude*, though not one of the most elaborate, is one of the longest and most thoroughly developed in all Bach's writings. It is constructed on two subjects, which are combined together as one, and are worked both separately and in conjunction. The first as follows:—



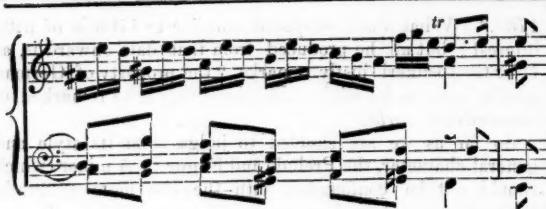
The second as follows:—



\* At 8 o'clock in the evening—as Forkel informs us.

† Introduced by the same pianist, at the Monday Popular Concert of April 4th, 1859 (Bach and Handel)—the grand Fugue in A minor, one of the longest and most difficult ever composed, and thus cursorily alluded to by Forkel:—"As practice for the fingers of both hands. I particularly reckon a fugue in A minor, in which the composer has taken great pains, by an uninterrupted succession of running passages, to give to both hands equal strength and facility." The same applies with even greater force to the *Prelude and Fugue (alla Tarantella)*.

‡ One of the three existing manuscript copies in the library of Forkel bore that date, and thus fixed the extreme limit of the time at which the composition could have been written—that is to say, exactly a quarter of a century before Bach's death.



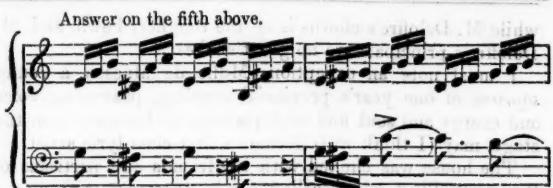
Some idea of the manner in which they are elaborated may be gathered from the subjoined:—



And again from the subjoined:—



The fugue, which is in three parts, or voices, is thus given out:—



Except, perhaps, the fugue at the end of Beethoven's Grand Pianoforte Sonata in B flat (Op. 106), no similar composition for the pianoforte of equal brilliancy and mechanical difficulty exists. The republication of the *Preludio con Fuga alla Tarantella*, by Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., is a boon to all lovers of the musical art in general, and of Bach's music in particular. We may safely predict that the new edition will find its way to the hands of every intelligent amateur in England.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—Everybody will rejoice to learn that the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, just concluded, have proved eminently successful—a result upon which I hardly think Mr. Alfred Mellon himself had calculated. But Mr. Mellon was peculiarly favored this year in his speculation, and must not crow too loud on his deserts, nor build up hopes too confidently for the time to come. To say nothing of the closing of the two Italian Operas—which, of course, could not have affected Promenade Concerts one way or the other—the Haymarket, the Lyceum and the Princess's theatres had just terminated their seasons, and there was nothing of a "sensational" character going forward at any other house of amusement in the metropolis—no *Colleen Bawn*, no *Peep-o'-Day Boy*, no *Duke's Motto* to attract multitudes as they did the preceding year. In fact, the Promenade Concerts were left in entire possession of the field. But this was not the only piece of good fortune which attended Mr. Mellon's undertaking. He was enabled to secure for his vocalist the young American artist,

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, who, whatever may be her real merits, had proved a decided feature at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and was wonderfully suited to captivate the ears of shilling auditors—to say nothing of the halo that was borrowed from her renowned sister's name. A far better singer than Mdlle. Carlotta Patti—who might have been procured without difficulty—would in all likelihood not have served Mr. Mellon's purpose half so well. Then, too, the director was lucky in obtaining the services of a real artist like M. Lotto, the Polish violinist, for it does not always follow that a public which applauds a bad vocalist will not be delighted with a good instrumentalist. Thirdly, the selection from *Faust* turned up a trump-card, and, as was subsequently proved, might have been given earlier in the season with benefit. Fortune, furthermore, favored Mr. Mellon in the unusual cold weather which prevented thousands from taking their usual trip to the seaside and drove other thousands who had gone to the seaside back to London. Although I cannot say Mr. Mellon has done the best he could have done to advance the success of his concerts, I am heartily glad he has succeeded.

There were faults in Mr. Mellon's direction of the Promenade Concerts which I should have hardly taken the trouble to point out if I thought that he had made up his mind not to give entertainments of the same kind in future; or, if I did not think him capable of profiting by honest and disinterested advice. The Sacred Performances were a huge and unaccountable mistake. They were unworthily executed and entirely out of place. That Mr. Mellon did all he could to have the oratorios well presented may be true; but surely he was not ignorant that all our principal singers were at the time away from London, and that a complete chorus—so essential to such performances—if to be had, was not to be had without more liberal outlay than was within his means or his inclination. Not only was the chorus thoroughly inefficient and the soloists too often incapable, but the works themselves were ill prepared, and the audience too much trifled with. Fortunately Mr. Mellon is a favorite with the public, and the public have faith in his deeds and promises, and do not trouble themselves greatly with looking out for specks, or noting them if seen. The promenade and gallery section of the Covent Garden audiences roared applause at performances that would not have escaped condemnation at Exeter Hall, and would have reflected discredit on the smallest provincial town in England. Mr. Mellon may plead that *The Messiah* and the *Lobgesang* were executed as well as they could be under the circumstances; but why execute them at all? Where was the necessity? Who asked for them? It was certainly an original idea that of introducing oratorios and other sacred works into promenade concerts, and Mr. Mellon is entitled to credit for the novelty. I am inclined to think, indeed, that with all his talent, tact and great feeling as a conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon is not eminently adapted to be director of concerts like those which the late M. Jullien originated and did all in his power to establish. Mr. Mellon may be intended by nature for greater things—no doubt he is—but it is certain, to my thinking at all events, that he never can become the legitimate successor of Jullien. He lacks the presence so necessary to a man always in view of the public; he lacks the look of importance, pretended or real, which goes a great way with the spectator; he wants the energy, the determination, the zeal, and, more than all, the enthusiasm, which fired poor Jullien at times to real inspiration; and, as a composer, he is, I think, inferior. Mr. Alfred Mellon, nevertheless, is a man of rare ability and a most excellent gentleman, and I am heartily glad that his

Promenade Concerts have put money in his purse.—I am, Sir, yours,

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

P. S.—I am right well pleased to see that you have put a stop to the Gruneisen-Maggioni controversy. The futile flourish of buttoned swords and fierce vociferations of both combatants could lead to no profitable result. When invective and scurility are employed in disputation or discussion, Argument is insensibly lost sight of and Truth inevitably sacrificed.

R. P.

#### PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

A conjuror or artist of sleight-of-hand, who can surpass Herr Wilgalba Frickell, the Russian Emperor of Legerdemain, must indeed be a wonder, and yet such beyond all doubt is the Hanoverian "Prestidigitateur" who commenced a series of performances on Monday night at the above theatre. Herr Herrman, who made his first bow to an English audience on this occasion, comes with an immense reputation as professor of the "magic art" from the Continent and America. Although still a young man he has made a large fortune, and boasts of many decorations conferred on him by crowned heads, princes, and dukes, as a marshal of the French Empire. In Vienna and Madrid, more especially, he achieved a name far beyond that of any other exponent of conjuration who ever visited these capitals. Nor has this reputation been overrated. The tricks and feats of Herr Herrman are nearly all of the most astonishing and incomprehensible kind. His sleight-of-hand feats are truly marvellous, and the ease, finish, and accuracy of his tricks are such perhaps as have never before been witnessed in this country. Like Herr Frickell he uses no apparatus, and has "no preparation." One comparison with the Russian juggler will exhibit his superiority. Herr Frickell's feat of producing two globes of water containing fish from under a pocket-handkerchief was one of his most remarkable performances. But this was accomplished on the stage at a distance from the spectators. Herr Herrman goes through the same performance, after which he walks forward on the bench which advances into the middle of the pit, and submitting himself to a close examination, to show that nothing is concealed about his person, brings forth two additional globes of water with fish. The trick with the hat and pieces of coin, in which he brings down crown-pieces, or something resembling them, apparently from the upper regions, and catches them as they are falling with unerring certainty, or finds them in the most extraordinary places, and sends them through the bottom and sides of the hat, is even more wonderful. As for his feats with the cards, eggs, and handkerchiefs, they must be seen to be appreciated, certainly not understood. Another marvellous accomplishment of sleight-of-hand is the trick with the nine brass-rings, which, though least novel of all he does, so far surpasses what has been achieved before, that it deserves especial mention. Herr Herrman concluded his exhibition with an imitation of the songs of several birds, the buzzing of a bee, the working of a saw, &c., which, if not among the legitimate exhibitions of a "prestidigitateur," was no inimitable done, and to all appearance without aid from any instrument, that it created no less astonishment than what had gone before. The theatre has been crowded nightly, and the "prestidigitations" of the new conjuror received with immense applause.

At the ADELPHI, Miss Bateman, the celebrated American actress—whom our readers may remember some ten or a dozen years since, performing at the St. James's Theatre, when a child, with her sister, in the drama of *The Young Couple*, and other pieces, with extraordinary effect—made her debut in a new version of Mosenthal's drama of *Deborah*, under the title of *Leah*. Miss Bateman is an artiste of very superior powers. Her style is not severe, and belongs to the melodramatic rather than the pure tragic. She acts with more feeling and pathos than power and intensity, and is therefore more likely to find favor with English audiences. Her success was triumphant, and the new drama by her powerful aid is likely to hold its place on the Adelphi stage for some months.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF has been engaged by M. Benazet to sing at two concerts to be given at Baden-Baden on the 3rd and 10th of October, in honor of the Queen of Prussia, who is staying at that fashionable place. The Grand Duchess Sophia of Baden has graciously invited the distinguished artiste to Carlsruhe. We hear, also, that the Director of the Frankfort Opera House offered her a lucrative engagement, which, however, Madame Riddersdorff was obliged to decline in consequence of her engagements at the Sacred Harmonic Society in London.

## PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—The Italian Operatic Company, notwithstanding a serious *contretemps* at the very outset, has made a great stir in the Irish capital, and all the journals have been most lavish in their remarks on the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with which the season opened—more lavish, indeed, than true or sensible, one of the writers asserting that the part of Lucia was composed for Anna Thillon, and another going into ecstasies about “the liquid softness and brilliancy of Mr. Sims Reeves’ music.” From such turgid and uninformed sources we shall not attempt to draw any information, but shall have recourse to *Saunders’s News Letter*, from the pages of which we transfer, in an abridged form, the following article, well-penned and well-weighed, which appeared on Monday, Sept. 28th:—

The announcement of the “Italian Opera Company” about to appear here, always excited considerable interest; and although two of the principal vocalists are, the one Irish and the other English, while Titien was born far to the north of the Alps, the preliminary notice annexed to the playbills by Mr. Harris is fairly and fully born out—namely, that he has “succeeded in completing arrangements with the lessee of Her Majesty’s Theatre for the appearance of the most eminent artistes of that vast establishment, who have been so conspicuously successful during the past season.” The list given of those whose services have been secured is sufficient to satisfy the most *exigeant*, and the performances opened on Saturday evening with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The absence of Mlle. Titien, stated to have been delayed by the missing of a train, led to the substitution of Mlle. Volpini, in the part of Lucia; and while at first some disappointment was experienced at the unexpected change, yet the *debutante* met with a gracious reception, induced by the natural consideration entertained for a stranger, and, as her ability became gradually developed, the favor extended from a sense of courtesy warmed into enthusiasm, and the plaudits were frequent and sincere. As a *prima donna*, the lady possesses many essentials for the stage—a good figure, attractive features; but what is more requisite, a voice clear in quality and extensive in range, while her execution is brilliant and telling. As an actress, Mlle. Volpini is quiet, rather than impressive or earnest; but the effect created by her general performance must have been equally satisfactory to the artiste and to the audience. It was worth while having been long absent to meet with the warm reception that attended Mr. Sims Reeves when he presented himself before the foot-lights. A considerable time elapsed before silence could be restored. We could scarcely conceive that it is nine years since the gifted tenor has been on the stage. Time indeed has not made any change in the quality of his charming voice—it possesses its wonted roundness, volume, veiled richness, purity of tone and searching earnestness. The Edgardo of Mr. Reeves is undoubtedly one of the most attractive representations to be found. Ruskin, in one of his essays, remarks that the power, whether of painter, poet, or performer, to describe rightly what he calls an ideal thing, depends upon its being to him not an ideal, but a real thing; and in the touching accents of Mr. Reeves, when singing the “Fra poco,” the refinement of art could scarcely produce such a counterfeit of emotion, if such emotion were not really felt at the time, and that such a blending of individuality with the part interpreted is not so unusual. The role of Enrico Ashton was taken by Mr. Santley. He is an admirable vocalist, entering fully into the exigencies of every situation in which he is placed—possessed of a baritone of great compass, satisfying tone, and graceful flexibility, and his judgment and taste add to the natural advantages which he possesses. The aria “Cruda funesta” was finely rendered, and in the vehement burst that opens the duett “Se tradomi,” the conceptions of the composer were thoroughly carried out. The choruses were given with average merit, and the orchestra was not only full as regards the number of instruments, but its members played with an intelligent appreciation of the varying characteristics of the score. Signor Arditto, who was warmly greeted on his entrance, was the very able conductor, and Mr. Levey, as his wont, an excellent leader. The house was fashionably and well attended.

SCARBOROUGH.—The *Scarboro’ Gazette* gives the following extraordinary account of a concert which took place recently at the Spa:—

“The concert of Tuesday evening proved a truly delightful occasion. The artists especially engaged were Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mlle. Florence Lancia, as vocalists, with M. Sainton, the celebrated violinist. Mme. Sainton was in excellent voice, and sang the songs allotted to her in that pure and artistic manner—ornate yet chaste—that has always been perhaps the principal excellence of her singing. Her ballads, “The Listning Mother” and “Maggie’s Secret,” were *recalled* by the most enthusiastic plaudits. Mlle. Lancia was equally happy. Her “Chantez ma belle,” from Gounod’s *Faust*, was one of the most deli-

cately beautiful specimens of vocal art we have yet heard; and, with the melodious, ever-moving, and airy accompaniment by the orchestra, we could almost think that something like a new sensation seemed to be produced by this charming piece. The duet from *Semiramide*, by Mlle. Lancia and Madame Sainton, was characterized by a remarkable closeness and precision, and by a highly pleasing facility of voice and manner in producing their refined and accurate rendering of the music. Mons. Sainton, in his original arrangement from *La Figlia*, and of a variety of Scotch Airs, afforded the greatest pleasure by the exercise of his wonderful ability, displaying the very perfection of tone, execution and power of expression. “Auld Robin Grey” was indeed charmingly rendered. Our fellow-townsman, Mr. Naylor, Mus. Bac., accompanied Mons. Sainton, as well as the vocal part of the concert, on the pianoforte, and it is due to him to acknowledge that his accurate and very tasteful playing contributed in no small degree to the success of the evening’s entertainment. The band, too, ably led and conducted by Mr. Daly, acquitted themselves in their usual excellent manner.”

The italics are our own.

From *The Kilmarnock Standard* (dated Sept. 19) we learn that the opening of the new Corn Exchange Hall was inaugurated by a performance of Handel’s *Judas Maccabeus*, given by the members of the Kilmarnock Philharmonic Society. The solo singers included Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Crossland, Messrs. Kennedy and Hinchcliffe. Mr. Kennedy, the popular Scottish vocalist, made his first appearance as a singer of sacred music, and seems to have achieved a great success. The journal just alluded to thus speaks of his performance:—

“Of Mr. Kennedy, who, for the first time has attempted the higher flights of music as found in the *Oratorio*, a word may be said. He has made a capital start. While there was visible a trace of the style of execution peculiar to song singing, in which he wears the highest honors, he sustained his part more cleverly than some of his admirers anticipated. The energy and accuracy with which he sang “Sound an alarm,” clearly pointed him out as perfectly qualified to tread in the footsteps of Braham. His voice has both compass and tone.”

PENZANCE.—(*From a Correspondent*)—A most successful concert was given by the members numbering nearly 100, of the Penzance Choral Society, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 22nd, in the Corn Exchange. Mendelssohn’s Psalm, “As the hart pants,” was performed with great effect, Mrs. Nunn singing the solos remarkably well. The chorus of Angels (*Eli*) encored, “The Heavens are telling” (*The Creation*), and the “Hallelujah” (from *The Messiah*), formed the first part. The second or secular portion of the concert was equally successful. A concertante duo for two violins, with piano accompaniment by Danel, played by Mr. Hemmings and Mr. Nunn, was quite a novelty, pleasing so much as to elicit long and continued applause, the last movement being repeated. The part-song, “They sleep,” composed and dedicated to the Penzance Choral Society by the conductor, Mr. J. H. Nunn, was capitally given by the choir, and received a hearty encore. Mrs. Nunn had to repeat Virginia Gabriel’s song, “The Forsaken.” Some madrigals by Pearsall, especially “Light of my soul,” also a duet pianoforte and violin (*Don Pasquale*), played by Mr. and Mrs. Hemmings, with Mr. Henry Leslie’s arrangement of “God save the Queen,” brought to an end the most successful concert yet given by this young and flourishing society.

CAMBORNE.—The members of the Choral Society gave a most successful concert in the Market Hall, on Friday evening, Sept. 25th, to a crowded audience. Between the parts a handsome piece of plate was presented to Mr. W. C. Symons, from the members, as a slight acknowledgment for his great services as secretary. Mr. Nunn (A.R.A.), from Penzance, was the conductor.

—  
L’ARTE SCENICA.

Se cesserà questo infelice sdegno

Che il tradito intelletto ora m’occupa,  
E dalla fronte per lunghi anni cupa

Disparirà delle mie cure il segno;

Io sull’ arte che al peggio si dirupa

Userò le reliquie dell’ ingegno,  
Su quest’ arte che ormai più non ha regno  
Fatta ramminga ed implacata lupa.

Guarda come bramosa urla ed impreca,  
E indarno ingombra la notturna scena.  
Sol di sbracate fantasie palestra.

Oh! la si tolga alla francese piena  
Che verbo e affetti inutilmente spreca,  
E alle vampe del ver torni maestra.

## BARBAGRIGGIA.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr. Manns, the talented conductor of the orchestral band, had a benefit concert on Saturday last, and as he justly deserved, for his zealous and untiring exertions in producing good music for the frequenters of that popular resort, that came *en masse* to testify their appreciation of his labour. He was assisted by the following artistes:—Vocalists,—Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Madame Louise Vining, Mdlle. Linas Martorelli, Mr. Swift, Signor Salvatore Marchesi and Mr. Renwick. Instrumentalists—Monsieur Lotto and Mr. A. Sullivan. Also the chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. The programme was faultless in its selection, and the artistes engaged are too well known to require a word from us, with the exception of Mdlle. L. Martorelli and Signor Marchesi, of whom we shall speak hereafter. The concert opened with Schumann's overture to Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* (being the first time of its performance in England). It is a work of great merit, and gives sufficient evidence of his Shakesperian spirit; it breathes throughout the sentiments of the great Roman whose name it bears, and presents a striking picture of the heroism, ambition and victories of the mighty conqueror. It was deservedly applauded. Herr Brahms' *Ave Maria*, for female chorus and orchestra, a charming composition, which has found its way into the best programmes of Germany, and, apart from its intrinsic merit, has an interest of its own in the fact that the composer (still quite young) is regarded by a large portion of his countrymen as their future great man. It was given with spirit, and received well-deserved applause. Madame Lemmens Sherrington was, as usual, happy in the rendering of the songs allotted to her, especially in Handel's beautiful air from *Il Penseroso*, "Sweet bird" (flute obligato by Mr. A. Wells). Her singing was artistic in the highest degree, her voice telling throughout the hall with the greatest effect. She was loudly applauded. Madame Louise Vining gave Mr. Osborne Williams' new song, "I'm the lassie he loves," with effect. She was encored, and on coming forward sang "Coming thro' the rye," the latter being particularly suited to her voice and style of singing. A grand bolero by Duprez, "Joanita," and a Spanish song, "El Estudianche," were capitally sung by Mdlle. Martorelli, who acquitted herself to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Swift and Signor Marchesi gave their songs in a style that called forth general approbation. Mendelssohn's beautiful "Scherzo a Capriccio" in F sharp minor, was performed by the band in excellent style. The orchestral arrangement by Leschetzki. In its original form the "Scherzo a Capriccio" is well-known to amateurs and virtuosi of the pianoforte. The present arrangement will bring it within the reach of a wider circle. The wider the better, for a work more charming, more characteristic of the pure and graceful spirit of Mendelssohn, and one more suggestive of the orchestra, does not exist in the whole of his pianoforte compositions. It is also very well instrumented, and may fairly be left to plead its own excuse for what perhaps is strictly against the canons of musical propriety. It was loudly applauded. The band also performed a Meditation on J. S. Bach's first prelude, and an Adaptation by the author of *Faust*, of a harpsichord piece, originally intended for piano and violin, and has been now extended to full orchestra and chorus. The band was assisted by Mr. A. Sullivan on the pianoforte, and M. Lotto on the violin, under the conductorship of Mr. Manns. It was played with consummate skill, and received an unanimous encore. Of Monsieur Lotto we need scarcely speak, his great talent being already so well known. He narrowly escaped an encore in a really clever concerto by Mr. A. Manns. The concert terminated with a grand selection from M. Gounod's *Faust*. The choruses were given with great taste and precision, and the soli were well sung by Mr. Renwick. We congratulate Mr. Manns on the success of his benefit concert.

ERASmus WILSON ON SHAKESPEARE.—The newspapers publish the following letter from President Lincoln to the American actor Hackett:—

"Executive Mansion, Washington, August 17.

"My dear Sir,—Months ago I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book and accompanying kind note, and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so. For one of my age I have seen very little of the drama. The first representation of Falstaff I ever saw was yours here last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say—as I truly can—I am very anxious to see it again. Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read, while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any professional reader. Among the latter are *Lear*, *Richard III.*, *Henry VIII.*, *Hamlet*, and especially *Macbeth*. I think none equals *Macbeth*. It is wonderful. Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in *Hamlet* commencing 'O my offence is rank' surpasses that commencing 'To be or not to be.' But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of *Richard III.* Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call, and let me make your personal acquaintance.—Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

"James H. Hackett, Esq.,"

At the SADLERS WELLS Miss Marriot made her first essay in comedy on Monday, as Rosalinde in *As You Like It*. Her performance was full of vivacity and grace, although at times there was an appearance of effort, of which time and study will soon rid her. Her boy's costume was tasteful and appropriate. Mr. Fisher, as a new comer, deserves mention for his terse and pointed delivery of Touchstone's gibes, and Mrs. Edmund Phelps made a very natural and a very pretty Audrey.

M. PAUL MENDELSSOHN, brother of the celebrated composer, has just handed over to the Mayor of Leipsic, a sum of 1500 thalers, arising from the sale of his brother's letters. The interest of this sum is to be given yearly, on the 3rd of February, the anniversary of the great musician's birth, to two widows of artists of the Leipsic orchestra, designated by that magistrate.

AN OPERATIC PERFORMANCE IN 1680.—Some idea of the magnificence of operatic performances in the olden time is afforded by the *mise-en-scene* of Foveschi's opera *Berenice*, produced for the first time at Padua in 1680. There were three choruses. The first chorus consisted of 100 young girls; the second, of 100 soldiers; and the third, of 100 knights on horseback. In the triumphal procession there were forty huntsmen with horns, sixteen trumpeters on horseback, six drummers, twenty-four musicians, a large number of standard bearers, pages, huntsmen and grooms; two lions led by Turks, and two elephants by Moors. Berenice's triumphal car was drawn by six greys, while six other carriages for the commanders of her army were drawn by four horses each, and six more, with prisoners and spoil, by twelve. The scenery represented—A wood, in which wild boars, deer and bears were hunted; an endless plain, with triumphal arches; the royal hall of Berenice; the royal dining apartment; and the royal stable, with a hundred real horses. At the conclusion of the opera a large gold ball was let down. This ball opened and afforded a passage for eight blue balls, on which were seated Virtue, Generosity, Valor, Heroic Love, Victory, Courage, Honor, and Immortality, who sang a chorus while floating in the air.

BRUSSELS.—On Wednesday, the 23rd inst., at the funeral service celebrated in the Cathedral of St. Gudule, in memory of those persons who died for the national independence of Belgium, in 1830, the fourth part of M. Pierre Benoit's *Quadrilogie religieuse* was performed. We have already recorded the great success of the first three parts, and the marked progress evident between each of them. The "Requiem" we heard on Wednesday completes in the most happy manner the *Quadrilogie*, and the effect was greater than that of any of M. Benoit's previous compositions. We will not attempt, after a single hearing, to analyse all the numerous details of this masterly production. We will merely state that it is distinguished for the grace and elevation of its melodic ideas, the richness of the instrumentation, the truly religious breadth of its style, and a certain harmonic audacity, possessing the best possible justification—success. The pieces which produced the deepest impression were the "Dies Irae" and the "Agnus Dei." Their greatest merit in our opinion is, not to speak of the melodic and instrumental excellencies they reveal, their essentially religious character, and the feeling of profound sadness they leave upon the mind. What greater praise can be awarded to a funeral service? We learn with pleasure that M. Benoit is getting up a grand concert at which the most striking pieces in his *Quadrilogie* will be performed. This concert will take place about the end of October, and similar ones will be organised in the principal towns of Belgium. M. Benoit has, moreover, conceived the idea of a grand theatrical work, or dramatic trilogy, in three operas, to be entitled respectively, *Ambiorix*, *Thierry d'Alsace*, and *Guillaume le Taciturne*. The reader will perceive that M. Benoit has chosen three grand figures in our history, personifying three grand epochs: that of the struggle of our ancestors against the domination of the Romans, that of the enfranchisement of the "Communes," and, lastly, that of the resistance of the United Provinces to the religious despotism of Philip II.—*L'Etoile Belge.*

FLORENCE.—Sig. Pacini has lately composed a new "Miserere," in four parts, with organ accompaniment. The music publisher, Sig. Guidi, has just published the opera of *Euridice*, by Jacob Peri, words by B. Rinuccini. This work was produced for the first time in 1600, at Florence, on the occasion of the rejoicings in honor of the marriage of Marie de Medici, and may be considered as the model of the works of Monteverde and Lulli, as well as of the style cherished by the most celebrated composers of the eighteenth century. Sig. Guidi, who has previously published old compositions, has again earned the thanks of all musicians. The new edition of *Euridice* is exactly the same as the original one. Nothing is wanting to complete the identity; even the two dedications and the remarks to the reader are included in the reprint. We find that the author of the words was still attached to the old Latin orthography, while the composer employed the new style. The preface includes the names of the singers and musicians who executed the opera in 1600. It is, however, necessary to know

all the various keys when reading the score, as it would seem as though Sig. Guidi, in publishing it, had thought only of regular musicians, and not of amateurs. For the work to obtain an extended circulation, it would have been absolutely necessary to transpose it in the key of G. In its present form it will be found only in the possession of professionals and in libraries.

**NEW YORK.**—The season will commence very shortly, and the papers are full of information and remarks concerning the new engagements. The company of the German Opera, under Herr Carl Anschütz, includes Mad. Bertha Johannsen, Mad. Himmer (dramatic *prime donne*); a fair *bravura* artiste, Mad. Canissa ("jugendliche Sängerin" and soubrette); Herren Himmer and Habelmann (first tenors); Tanner (barytone); Weinlich, Rémy (basses); and Heimer (stage manager). The company will begin their season on the 2nd October, in Boston, whence they will proceed to Philadelphia. They will not play in New York before December. Herr Grau, the manager of the Italian Opera, is said to be in negotiation with Mad. Pencó, Signori Tamberlik, Malvezzi, and Mongini, as well as with Madlle. Tietjens. This would be admirable were it only true, but great doubts are entertained on the latter point. Herr Grau cannot give performances here, because the opera-house is in the hands of Herr Max Maretzke and Carl Anschütz exclusively, and it would not pay to engage such high-priced artists for the West alone. As regards Herr Max Maretzke, he has already given a series of operatic performances with Medori and Mazzoleni, in Philadelphia, and will leave New York for only a short time in the winter.

**BADEN.**—The performances of the Italian Opera Company were brought to a close by *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Sig. Delle Sedie as Renato. From the commencement of the summer season up to the end of August there were 30,000 visitors. On the last nights that the Italian Company played, previously to the end of the season, the operas selected were *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*, at which the composer of *Les Huguenots* was present.

**MAYENCE.**—Herr Fr. Lux has just received from the Emperor of Austria, to whom he had dedicated a grand instrumental mass, the large gold medal for Art and Science.

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29. <i>Recit.</i>	...	1 0
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